



FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 5.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION

(Including Postage)

PER MONTH..... 30c.

PER YEAR.....\$3.50

VOL. 29.....NO. 10,090

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

A CAMPAIGN OF MISREPRESENTATION.

From the beginning of the agitation regarding THE EVENING WORLD Children's Bill Mr. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY has wilfully misrepresented that humane and moderate measure.

He has by systematic falsehood attempted to deceive the members of the Legislature as to the origin, objects and results of the bill.

He has prosecuted his campaign of misrepresentation especially among the directors of charitable institutions affected by the bill, for the purpose of obtaining from them protests against its passage.

The very language of these philanthropic gentlemen in treating of the bill shows them to be entirely mistaken as to its purpose and effect.

The Children's Bill will not be killed by such tactics. They are too transparent.

You will find Mr. GERRY, that misrepresentation cannot prevail against a cause so just and popular.

MUNDANE MATTERS.

The National House of Representatives met for the first time April 1, 1899. Its having come into existence on that day may account for the tomfoolery that has often marked the proceedings of that body.

How long will our American girls continue to count on counts who don't count? There is a countless list of dopes already.

BALL-PLAYERS, WELCOME HOME!

Hail to the heroes whose science and daring American pluck have made known round the world!

Hail to the "red, white and blue" they've been wearing And the pennant they've ever so proudly unfurled!

Hurrah for the bats that THE EVENING WORLD gave to them!

Giant! Hurrah for these Romans from Rome!

Hail to the White Star that floats on the bunting That waves o'er the vessel that's bringing them home!

Give them a welcome, these heroes of muscle. Who've batted their way on each far foreign shore;

Who've shown the lax athletes abroad how to rustle And proven that honors ne'er rain but they pour!

Meet them and greet them and bid them "God bless you!" Greet them a hand-squeeze, to make it quite plain

They've come to their own, and need no one to tell them The champion players are home once again!

Patriots, have they not taught us the lesson The creed of their country should teach us all;

Muscle and nerve need no big Smith & Wesson Nor Colt to overcome any dangers to-day!

The boys who succeed are the boys who will "catch on" whatever the duties that call!

Wherever, whatever the duties that call! They're caught on all over the world! Now a "tiger."

"Three cheers for the champion players of ball!" But how will we tell them the sorrowful story Of the peril that hangs o'er their favorite ground?

Such news should not dim the renown of their glory And give them, for greeting, this cruellest wound!

Bally, boys, rally, ye lovers of baseball! Save them the battle-ground dear to us all. Let the pennant still wave where it waved when they won it, And the Polo Grounds rest as they are until Fall!

WORLDINGS.

"Boots and Saddle," Mrs. Gen. Custer's famous book on army life, is now in its thirtieth edition. Mrs. Custer is now preparing for a campaign tour of Eastern Pennsylvania.

John McKeon, of Washington, Pa., is said to be the richest individual oil producer in the world. His income from his oil wells is \$55,000 a month. Not many years ago he landed at Castle Garden from Ireland with less than \$10 in his pocket.

All of Amelie Rivers' correspondence that is sent to her in care of her publishers is opened by them before it is forwarded. This plan was adopted to prevent her from receiving the offensive and frequently abusive letters of cranks.

One Bottle Cured "Them Boths." 134 East 108th St., City.

MRS. RIVER. GENTLEMEN: Two of my children had been suffering for a long time from the dreadful scourge of "scrofula," and I was almost at my wit's end as to what to do. I was advised to try your "Bottle Cures" for "Scrofula," and did so. One bottle cured them both, although at the time I gave them your little bottles were covered with a horrible scrofulous eruption. I rejoice to say that they are now in perfect health, and their skins are as smooth as velvet. With sincere thanks for the benefits derived from your excellent medicine, I remain, happily yours, HERMAN REILLY.

Jan. 10, 1898. "A Good Example to Follow." (From the Wilkes-Barre News-Letter.) THE EVENING WORLD is devoting considerable attention to the American girl these days. THE EVENING WORLD is only following the example of every marriageable young man within the confines of the United States and about every nobleman in the efforts of monarchies of Europe. Here's to the American girl. May her shadow never grow less.

Don't Get Caught This Spring, as you may have been before, with your blood full of impurities, your digestion impaired, appetite poor, kidneys and liver torpid, and whole system liable to be prostrated by disease, but get yourself into good condition and ready for the changing and warmer weather by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It stands unequalled for purifying the blood, giving an appetite, and for a regulating and general Spring medicine. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 for 60. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

SLAPS AT OUR GIRLS

Some of Our Readers Find Much to Criticize in Her.

Expressions of Opinion Evidently from Experience.

A Few Sharp Replies to "Lionel Dorrington's" Letter.

Slightly Mercantile.

A true American girl is one who takes too much pride in herself and her country, to marry any titled foreigner, especially an Englishman. M. T.

Would Not Marry an American Girl. Marry an American girl? Never! An English or German girl is just as handsome and as intelligent as the American. I should even prefer a third-class judge of the latest fashions. A beautiful girl with too much vanity. E. SHELLEY, Brooklyn.

Too Much Vanity. A painted face. A deceptive face. A mixture of all nations. A first-class judge of rum and candies; a second-class judge of theatres and Mary Anderson; and a third-class judge of the latest fashions. A beautiful girl with too much vanity. AR LINDHMAN.

Not an Angel, but—Who isn't an angel, who isn't a goddess, who isn't a saint or a pearl? Who's simply what's sweetest, simplest and nearest, A dear little, Queer little, Sweet little girl. W. B., 20 Jay street.

By No Means a Paragon. It is disgusting to read all the compliments bestowed on the American girl. I admit some of them are refined, etc., but we can say the same of the German, French, English and all other nationalities. But there are always exceptions to the rule. There is one American girl who is as good as another all the world over, as every one sees according to their surroundings. She is not a paragon, but a girl who is not a paragon. G. H.

Defends the Shopgirls. It would not be well for Lionel Dorrington were I near enough to lay my hands on him, or tongue either, as I would give him very small quarters. A shopgirl is too good for him and as housekeepers they cannot be beaten; in fact, their equal cannot be found in this or any other country, for they are an independent, self-supporting class. Their work is no trouble to them and we are aware of it on all occasions. A THOROUGHGOING AMERICAN. (and a shopgirl at that).

Pretty Good Sort of a Girl. The typical American girl possesses a part of her English cousin's conservatism, but little of her refinement and less of her loyalty, particularly to her betrothed. She retains some of her Irish cousin's wit and as much of her "charm," which she uses to perfection, but not to her credit. She unfortunately possesses too much of her French cousin's taste for dress, hair and painted face, and consequently is not a very attractive specimen. But she is the peer of her German cousin in every respect, particularly in her taking her own life. She is a typical first, vacillating, coquette, but a pretty good sort of a girl in her way. AN AMERICAN.

A Card to Lionel Dorrington. In reply to article written by Lionel Dorrington I would say his experience must be as limited as his brains—consequently, his opinion is of little value. I presume, from the tone of the article written by him, he must be some humble clerk who has been fitted by an American girl, and then—our grapes. I have been married to an American shopgirl for two years and have found her all that any sensible man could desire as a wife, mother and housekeeper. M. L. D., ever has a chance and finds his purse full of money. I can support a wife who refuses him even as a gift. I guess he wants a dressmaker or hairdresser who can support him. He is taking her altogether, she is a typical first, vacillating, coquette, but a pretty good sort of a girl in her way. AN AMERICAN.

Has a Shopgirl Wife. Lionel Dorrington says in your issue of yesterday if he and others could live their lives over again they would never again marry a shopgirl, and that they are incapable of simple household duties. Probably if his wife had to marry over again she could not have such an unethical individual as he. As a matter of fact the American shopgirl is generally a well up in household and other duties. Being usually the offspring of the workingman and wife, she is a practical, sensible, and a pleasant sight to watch our shopgirls tripping easily to and from their work. They're good, good, good, charming and kind. My wife was a shopgirl. I'm a professional man and she graces the parlor as well as the kitchen. Let Dorrington give his wife the necessary means and he will find that she can perform household duties. He probably spends his time and money on other things than his shopgirl wife. A LOVER OF SHOPGIRLS.

Can't Do Them Justice. What? Only two hundred words for the best description of an American girl? Well, I give it up, for I would fail to do them justice in two thousand. AN ADMIRER OF ONE OF THEM.

Phew! This Is Tough on Them. In general they are pretty, but lazy. Poor man, open your eyes before you say "Yes." If they are married the husband has to get up in the morning and start the fire; cook his breakfast, if he wants any, or else he can go hungry, he gets up about 10 o'clock, then out he goes to do his household duties, and then he comes back, and almost always purchases steak or chops. That is about all she can cook, and that hardly, in the afternoon she goes to the store for amusement, and often forgets to go home in time to cook supper. Home comes her husband, gets up her anger, tells him she is going to leave him, or sue for a divorce. Of course the husband says he will not do that, and then he goes to bed, and the next morning he is going to sue for a divorce. The old lady comes around, upsets the house, and tells him what a cruel husband he is. He says he will not do that, and then he goes to bed, and the next morning he is going to sue for a divorce. LOTS OF SHOPGIRLS, 449 Cumberland street, Brooklyn.

Much in Little. "Multum in parvo"—I married one. CANADIAN.

His Marriage Must Be a Failure. The average American girl is a romantic fool, with plenty of imagination and talent to gratify it. Her devotion and patriotism exist only in fiction, and her heart is constantly yearning for some adventurer or bugary titled sovereign for a hubby. She is far more experienced in the use of paint, powder, patent brushes and rouge than she is in the use of a needle. Her inspiration for the noble and praiseworthy deeds she occasionally does is drawn from the novels of Margaret and other authors. She is a woman with a proportionate quantity of ice cream and pudding for her diet. When in conversation she is sure to know all that is going on in the whole shop. But in the end she manages to come out on top of the heap. She is also the head of the household, and when she is alone she can stop her head, but nevertheless we have to put up with her, and as your space is strictly limited, I can't say any more, although ten times the amount of words would be needed to give a good description of our American girl. THE HUSBAND OF ONE OF THEM.

A Character New to History. "A dangerous experiment," cried the Old World, as it saw with alarm the broad loyalty of the young girl of America. Let us see the result of the experiment. A maiden, coming from the East, in the month of June, 1899.

Real Bargains in Black Silk. Black Gro Grain 65c. worth 90

Black Armure 85c. worth \$1.25

Black Faille 75c. worth 1.00

Black Satin 85c. worth 1.25

Colored Gro Grain 70c. worth 1.00

Lord & Taylor, Grand Street Store.

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Kerosene Was Smeared on the Doors and in the Hallway.

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William Astor's big five-story flat at 550 Ninth avenue has just gone through a series of incendiary attempts which are as mysterious as they were diabolical.

The family of Policeman Oppenheimer seem to have been most active in discovering the fire. They lived on the first floor of the big double flat. There are thirteen families living in the house, with an average of four or five children to each.

Close upon midnight last night the third deliberate attempt at arson was discovered in the house. Last Sunday night was the first.

Mrs. Oppenheimer was lying in her bed when she saw a light in the hall through the transom. She ran out, and there was an ugly blue flame coming up around the southwest corner of her neighbor's door across the way. Mrs. Glazier lived here. The two women proceeded to put it out in a lively way. The small of kerosene oil was noticed, and when the door was opened the flames were extinguished.

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